


THE GLEANER

NATIONAL FARM SCHOOL
AND JUNIOR COLLEGE

FOOTBALL ISSUE
January—1948





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THE FLENNER



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NATIONAL FARM SCHOOL AND
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Education is an ornament in prosperity
and a refuge in adversity.

—Diogenes Laertius



THE LESSONS TAUGHT BY FOOTBALL



ANOTHER CHAPTER has just been completed in the immense story of American football. We sign the chapter of the '47 season, "The End," with a shaky hand and whisper, "Well done, team," as a huge lump comes to our throat. As the page is turned, we notice a blank page staring at us with the words, "1948 Football Season," written at the top. The smile vanishes. We grind our teeth. A hidden strength starts to flow through our body. Another season is near—only nine months away until training starts. Can we repeat our story? Can we meet the challenge? Is our schedule tougher than this year?

Football is as much a part of youth and the American college as chemistry is a part of the future chemist. It's a series of challenges offered to test the leaders of tomorrow in how well they can take over the problems presented to them in real life.

Today, no other country can claim it has a better method of training men than we have. It's true, many get hurt, fall by the way-side, or do not make the grade. But isn't it better that it happens on a piece of ground 100 yards long and about half as wide, with only eleven men on the other side, than on an area of land with a circumference of 24,000 miles with millions of people all gunning for the same ideal as yours—a better standard of living. We are given four years of college to eliminate all the injuries, falls and mishaps which may befall us in the open world that is awaiting us.

The pages of history are crammed with names of men who gained recognition as leaders in both college sport and outside statesmanship. Leadership gained on the gridiron is never lost. The qualities of clean-cut competition and sportsmanship are retained forever.

During a game a tackled opponent is usually given a helping hand by the opposite team. It's not in the book, it's modern chivalry learned by the men of tomorrow. The only thing that this world can offer us is a series of challenges, and many men to provide the competition. They are all after the same goal as we are. If a man's fortunate enough to get to the top, he has to tread on many toes; it's something that can't be helped. Knocking down the enemy on the football field couldn't be helped either; it was all part of the game. Helping him up was something we did on our own. When we get to the top tomorrow, let's help up the fellow we knocked down with better jobs, better living conditions, education, and culture.

While playing the game of football we couldn't rest on the laurels achieved yesterday. Each day, each game, each season offered new and stronger opposition. We practiced five days a week and then tested our strength once each week.

Tomorrow the rules will be different, no more practice before each new problem. Our practice will end with graduation. Tomorrow, each new day will be a test with no sweaters for rewards. The reward is greater: a job, a home, and a family.

In a few years, the great football team of '47 will leave NFS and JC. We all hope the training offered by the college in classes and on the football field will make them the leaders so greatly needed by the world of tomorrow.

Good luck, boys!

—The Editors

So the Big Red Barn is Doomed!

We read an article in the July, 1947 issue of Science Digest magazine which told of the doom of the big red barn. It seems that the old fashioned way of building barns is not supposed to be good enough for the modern "scientific" farmer. Well, we disagree.

We don't know whether or not the author of the article ever worked in one of his "new modern barns," but if he did we don't think he would be so enthusiastic. Right here at the college we have three barns that fit his description almost perfectly. We don't think any of the fellows who have worked down at the dairy during the winter time would appreciate the mild fury Mr. McWethy seems to have gone into. He talks of a one-story barn built of steel or concrete, with feeds stored in "disconnected" buildings. The feed, he contends, is moved from the outbuildings to the barns by "mechanical means." It's too bad that Mr. McWethy hasn't invented something to keep the farmer from freezing while he employs "mechanical means" to move his feed from one barn to another in frigid weather.

We think great gran'pappy wasn't so dumb when he made the great old force of gravity move his feed from its storage place to where he wanted it. The hay up top makes for some excellent insulation too.

It seems that Mr. McWethy likes the idea of mow cured hay. He doesn't seem to realize that you can cure hay in almost any old mow. You don't have to build a new one. The only remodeling necessary is simply and easily done by anyone who can handle a saw and hammer. The plans are readily available from a variety of sources.

The "back breaking" labor involved in putting hay into a mow above a barn has been simplified with the adaptation of such things as a hay fork, or, if we want to be really modern, we can chop our hay and blow it into our mow. We can even bale it if we want, and pull a wagon directly behind the baler and let the baler push the bales onto the wagon. Or we can use a "one man" baler that makes a round bale that is easily handled.

No, we don't think great gran'pappy was a fool. He knew what he was doing when he put his barn on the side of a hill and made a bank barn of it. All he had to do was drive his hay up a slight incline and he was in his mow. What could be easier?

As for the adaptability of our "old fashioned" barn, we believe the idea for multiple storied poultry buildings must have come from some old red barn that was made into a three-decker chicken coop.

Mr. McWethy seems to be worried about labor efficiency. He thinks that seven billion man hours spent in and around farm buildings are too much. He says it's about a third of the total farm labor requirements. Well, Mr. McWethy seems to be ignoring some other figures the United States Department of Agriculture has compiled. It seems that a farmer only spends a total of 20,876,334,000 hours for all farm work. Of this, one third is spent in the buildings on the farm (using the figures presented by Mr. McWethy). The total value for all crop and animal products is \$25,783,339,000; one third of this would be \$8,594,446,333.33. However, the animals which are housed

in the buildings where the farmer spends one third of his time are worth more than one-third of the total amount. In fact, they are worth almost half. Considering that every animal raised in this country occupies some sort of building at one time or another, it begins to look as if great gran'pappy figured it out so that he wasn't losing too much; in fact he gained a little.

We really wish that people like Mr. McWethy wouldn't go to all the trouble they do to find things wrong with the way things are done. It means that people like us get all het up about articles like "The Big Red Barn is Doomed." It's really not worth the trouble.

Anyway, we'd like to know if Mr. McWethy ever worked on a farm, or has he just read too many books?

—J. PSMITH

* * * * *

Farm School Band Finishes Successful Season

With the 1947 football season over we look back with pride on the accomplishments of the band. Yes sir, we are really a fine organization. The football team didn't do too badly either, but the band is what really shone and made the team look good. We don't know how they could have won a game without us. Of course, we must admit we had a very easy schedule, facing only two other bands, but the two tough engagements found the band up and ready.

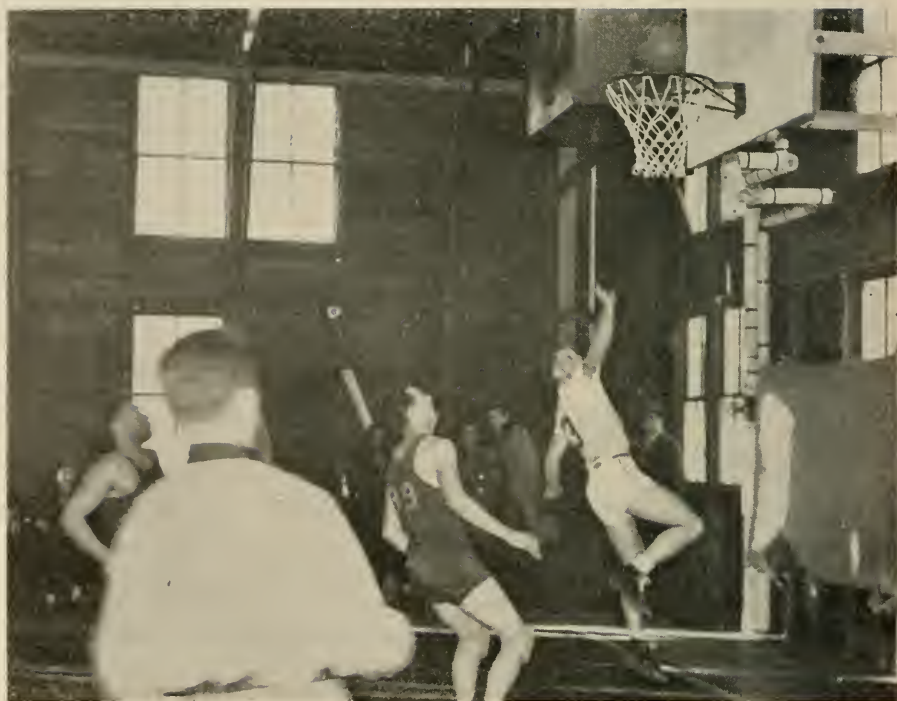
At Farmingdale, things looked bleak for a while, especially when that drum majorette of theirs started to prance—but all we had to do was break out with our soul-stirring "Tavern in the Town," and it was evident that everybody was behind us. We put the crusher on with an "Anniversary Song" that melted the hearts of everyone. Yup, we made out mighty fine at that one and we were the real reason for the team's 6-0 victory.

And then there was another day that looked dark at first. You could have knocked us over with a feather when that Wilkes' brass band stepped off the bus. On top of that, the weather was not suitable for our usual string band. That demanded quick action. Without batting an eyelash, we whipped out our own trusty 6-piece brass band. We looked a bit ragged up against that huge 25-piece musical machine, but our better condition and playing ability brought us out on top.

It's always been said that a band which knows how to handle its instruments and can keep time with the music will do all right. It was only the skill of the band which made it possible to gain a 6-6 tie. Too bad we didn't have a few more pieces—we probably could have pulled the game out of the fire.

Now that the season is over, the team begins taking it easy—but not us. Tomorrow is another day, we have things to do, we have tunes to play, we have games to win and concerts to play. It takes a lot of practice to do things our way. We will be there at banquets, rallies—all big sporting events whenever needed. This college is certainly lucky to have a band like ours on deck.

—ERNIE COHEN



**"Junie" Long going up for a basket in the Williamson game
which the Farmers won 39-30**

1948 BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

Jan. 10—Williamson Trade School	(H)	2:00
Jan. 14—Eckels College	(H)	8:00
Jan. 21—Villanova Freshman	(A)	7:00
Jan. 24—Scranton-Keystone College	(A)	7:00
Jan. 31—Glassboro State Teachers College	(A)	3:00
Feb. 9—Villanova Freshman	(H)	8:00
Feb. 11—Valley Forge Military Academy	(H)	8:00
Feb. 14—Wesley Junior College	(A)	8:00
Feb. 18—Palmer School	(H)	8:00
Feb. 21—Wilkes College	(H)	3:00
Feb. 25—Scranton-Keystone College	(H)	8:00
Feb. 28—F. Washington Military Academy	(H)	2:00
Mar. 4—Eckels College	(H)	8:00
Mar. 6—Wilkes College	(A)	8:00
Mar. 10—Wesley Junior College	(H)	8:00

Memoirs of a Budding Chemist

You see, it all started when I came to Farm School to learn the infinities of agriculture. I lives in the Metropolitanian of Brooklyn, you know, that's the big city with such suburbs as Manhattan and Queens. Well, anyway, I comes to this here school. They hand me a program, and tell me if I follow it, and spend four years here, when I graduate I'll be a full-fledged farmer, and I'll be able to raise cabbage and strawberries. You see, I'm very fond of strawberries.

The first day, I visits all my classes, and I sees that I got a pretty good schedule, except for one course, Chemistry. All the Chemistry I know is what came out of that little kit my uncle gave me for my birthday, way back when I was just a kid. I was pretty good at concocting stuff, until I learned how to make firecrackers. That was the end of my brilliant career as a chemist. So when I gets here, and I sees that I am taking Chemistry again, I gets a funny feeling that I ain't going to do so good, especially in Organic Chem.

That first day, the professor starts talking about Carbon. I always thought a Carbon was what you killed animals with, but here I learn that It's married and what a family it got—four little valences; and all this chain reaction business! Boy, what a little thing like that could do. I used to get tired back in Flatbush leaning against Hymie's candy store, twirling my big chain, making chain reactions. What a reaction when someone got hit by that chain. Well, anyway, my first assignment is to read up on these here Carbons and their products. I wants to be a good student, so I reads up on it after supper. Everything goes okay, until I hit isomers. Believe it or not, it looks just like the double reverse we pulled on the scrubs this afternoon. Anyway, the next day the prof calls on me, and asks me to give some ethyl compounds, so I tell him Ethyl Schwartz, Ethyl Sullivan. . . how was I supposed to know she got other names like ethylbenzine and ethylbromide?

The same afternoon, I hops over to the laboratory to do my weekly experiment. The prof gives me a piece of glass. I could swear it was solid, but the teach tells me it's hollow. Now I know I got 20-20 eyes, but they went and backfired on me. In the hole I can't even see, but I'm told exists, I'm supposed to put in some kind of powder. I can't figure this out. I keep trying to tell myself that it's only some kind of a jigsaw puzzle, but I know it's some kind of Chemistry, in one form or another, you know doing the impossible. Sorry to relate, up to this point, I have not done the impossible.

That night, I started on my homework, which was all about gasoline and oils. It was kind of puzzling, with bonds all over, but it looked real nice. At least they showed you a picture. I think I'll experiment on my own, as I can't seem to get anywhere in that lab. Anyway, I wanted to get a better view of the stuff, so I sneaks out to the parking lot, and opens the gasoline cap on one of the jalopies, and looks in. Too dark to see anything, so I strike a match, you know, those kind that you get an Adam Hat for when you get the right letters, and look in. It didn't look like the stuff in the book—all I saw were stars, birds, and strawberries. The next thing I knew, I was in the Dean's office explaining.

Things are pretty well straightened out now. I'm taking Inorganic Chem instead of that other horror course. They made a mistake in the office. This new course here, it's a cinch, just a few theories, a few formulas, and 92 elements to remember, plus a few laws, and the brains behind them. It's real easy, and in the lab you make only stuff like the carbon monoxide we breathe and stuff like that.

Well, I have to get to work on that Chem lab experiment and get another whiff of that wonderful stuff I made this afternoon. Ahhh Chemistry.

—ALEX GREENBLATT

* * * * *

THE OLD FIREHOUSE

In almost any country community in America the social gathering point, for the male clan, has been the firehouse.

There every night the town's volunteer firemen gather, play pool, talk over the day's events, and nowadays watch the fights over the television set. The subjects of conversation are varied and usually are far removed from what might be expected. Things have changed even here—the old horsedrawn trucks and the large steam engines have been replaced by modern equipment—but one thing remains unchanged, the willingness with which the firemen serve.

It isn't always easy, especially in mid-winter, to leave a warm bed and perhaps stay out in the freezing cold until early dawn, then take one or two hours sleep to prepare for a hard day's work ahead. What makes them respond to a call, especially under such conditions, you may ask? Simply the possibility that a neighbor may be in trouble, a friend might need their help. For their risks they get nothing, except criticism.

In the old days when horses furnished the main means of transportation, and when upon the sounding of an alarm they had to be brought from a nearby stable, a fire was quite an event. The first thing the long-moustached volunteer had to do was to get into his uniform (and I don't mean just put it on), for everything had to be spotlessly clean. His shoes had to have a high polish, his badge glitter like an Astor diamond. There was great pride in these men, especially in their appearance. This feeling prevails today, especially because of out-of-town competition. A nearby town may hold a contest, prizes being given for the company that can set up hose and draw water in the shortest time, or for the outfit that can prove itself the best at climbing ladders.

These events usually play an important role in the season's activities. When all the silver cups have been awarded, the fun begins. Usually a picnic supper follows, then a dance, and very late during the night, or very early in the morning, the long trip back home begins.

For these happenings a big crowd turns out, and townspeople will usually come from many miles to cheer their volunteers along.

A great community spirit exists here, especially in New England, where signs of it can be traced as far back as one cares to look into history.

—ROGER GABLE

LIVESTOCK FARMING

By GEORGE VANDERNOOT, '33

(Reprinted from the Alumni Review of 1942 by permission.)

The study of livestock may be considered both a pleasure and a duty. A pleasure, because of a natural born interest man feels in all animals; and a duty, because of the services horses, cattle, sheep, and swine render in the affairs of nations.

The things we eat and wear do not spring ready-made from nature. For the most part they pass through many stages of preparation before they are ready to serve our purposes. Plants in particular, do not bring much of their products to the finished state which is suitable for human food. Hence the need of animals to finish the work plants begin.

Plants alone create organic matter, but animals are capable of changing into edible form many low-grade products of plants that otherwise would be wasted. Were it not for domestic animals, we should be obliged to eat many materials we do not relish, and many others now used would be utterly wasted.

When man lived on the products of the soil and on the meat of wild animals, comparatively few plants contributed to his support. The moment he had animals to support, man found uses for many plants which up to that time had been worthless, and instantly his utilization of plants as well as animals increased.

We cannot fail to increase our respect for that branch of the human race from which we sprang, when we reflect that it tamed and first used nearly every animal now used anywhere.

Just as taming and using animals greatly helps man on his way to higher standards of family life, so there is something about the buying of livestock which develops a superior type of farmer. On the whole, those communities in which farmers have given the most attention to livestock have prospered most and have reached the highest state of development. This is because:

1. The stockman uses all his land (especially untillable land), and his feeds which are not marketable.

2. The keeping of livestock gives the farmer profitable employment over a greater part of the year than does exclusive grain or hay farming.

3. The soil of a stock farm is better conserved than that of a grain or hay farm, since where stock is kept a larger proportion of the plant food which crops take from the land is put back in manure.

4. On many stock farms, much feed is purchased, which means that a portion of the fertility of the farms which grew this feed is added to that of the farm on which it is fed; taken as a whole, stockmen accumulate more and live better than do those who sell their crops.

Exclusive crop farming as a rule returns a low family income, because the farmer hasn't a year around job. He has no cows to milk, no swine or sheep to feed during the winter when crops require no attention. The evil effects of exclusive crop farming were long ago recognized by Adam Smith, the great economist, when he said—"The increase of stock and the improvement of the land are two events that

must go hand in hand, and of which the one can nowhere much outrun the other."

Therefore, a well developed animal industry on every farm is an important part of a properly balanced system of agriculture.

To raise livestock successfully we must know how animals are improved, what feeds are best suited to each kind, and under what conditions each thrive best at least cost.

A stockman's success also depends largely upon the degree to which his animals meet with favor on the livestock market. If he is to make a financial success of his business, he must produce what the market wants, and not be influenced by hobbies. Unless a breed of beef cattle makes possible the production of better beef for the market, unless a breed of swine is fostered because in it is seen the possibility of improving the quality or cheapening the cost of pork; unless a breed of draft horses is really useful when put to the test in a collar; then such breeds have little excuse for their existence, and those who foster them must sooner or later suffer financially for their effort.

The great livestock breeders of the past were intensely practical. They never overlooked the market requirements of the kind of animals they bred. No animal met with favor in their eyes unless each favor was earned by meat upon the back, milk in the pail, weight and quality of wool, pounds gained for pounds of feed consumed, or some other performance of practical value. It must be just so with the master breeders of the present and future.

Therefore, animal husbandry includes both the art of breeding, feeding, and caring for livestock, and the fundamental laws of science by which these practices are bound. The ability of a stockman to raise and care for animals in a proper manner rests ultimately upon his knowledge of breeds, feeds and management.

The successful stockman must know livestock history and the rules governing the conduct of various breed associations. He must know the reasons for sanitary precautions necessary to protect his animals from the ravages of infectious diseases, and the scientific basis for the restrictions sometimes imposed on them.

At vocational schools, (in 1942 it was not recognized as a college—Editor) such as the National Farm School, boys are given every opportunity to become better acquainted with livestock through actual experiences. Such practical training added to the classroom studies will prove itself to be the beginning of successful livestock farming.

Something About the Author:

Attended school in Hackensack, N. J.

Entered National Farm School 1930, graduated 1933.

Played varsity football and basketball.

Received American Legion award upon graduating.

Graduated Rutgers University 1937.

Played varsity football.

Elected to the honorary Agricultural Society Alpha Zeta.

Appointed supervisor of livestock and instructor of animal husbandry at the Rutgers College of Agriculture.

Contributed articles on live-stock topics to several periodicals.

Author of bulletins on hogs and dairy goats.

Received Master's degree, Rutgers University 1942.

DISCourse

(Ed. note—this newest of Gleaner features is designed to give the reader a glimpse into the newest recordings, a brief summary of both classical and popular recording artists and composer's activities. Any suggestion will be greatly appreciated.)

Look for Perry Como in a film depicting the life of Russ Columbo. Mr. "Prisoner of Love" seems to have been picked, by popular demand, as the man for the job.

If LARRY GREEN'S waxing of "My Promise to You," an adaptation of Chopin's "Nocturne in D Flat Major," catches on in the same manner nationally as it did in a recent broadcast over WBZ in Boston, Mr. Green may have a hit on his hands.

SAMMY KAYE'S rhumba numbers have a new "shake" to them, thanks to DIABLITO "LITTLE DEVIL" DAVALOS who shakes a mighty mean maracca. Voom Voom. Hey!

TONY MARTIN now sings for SLAPSY MAXIE in his well-known west coast night club. VAUGHN MONROE has another. This time it's Miss MADEYLN Russel, a soloist who can "fly high." DENNIS DAY was left at the gate by a horse he was riding when he decided to get down and do some hiking on his own. When he returned he found that "de hoss done left." A six hour search revealed that the horse had become bored and had gone back to its stables, several miles away.

SUSAN REED has finished making a picture for Columbia entitled "Glamour Girl" in which she is the female lead. The picture, scheduled for release some time this fall, presents Miss Reed singing "Pretty Little Turtle Dove," "The Soldier and the Lady," "Molly Malone," "Go Away From my Window," and "Black, Black, Black is the Color of My True Love's Hair," all of which are now on records.

The PAGANINI QUARTET has begun its first transcontinental tour, and will give more than sixty concerts in seventeen states. They will cross the U. S. three times in five months. The Rasoumovsky Quartets (Beethoven's) figure prominently in the programs offered by the group and average at least one to a concert in the sixty stops. All three were played as part of the annual Music Festival Week in Austin, Texas on November 19th.

A memorial exhibition honoring Grace Moore, known to millions of music lovers the world over through her appearances in opera, motion pictures, radio and on records, is now on review at the Museum of the City of New York. Many of the costumes worn by the great star are shown in a reproduction of her dressing room. Other mementos of the prima donna's career from her childhood to her death in January, 1947, include concert posters, programs, photographs, citations and medals. The exhibition will remain open until April 1948.

JASCHA HEIFETZ is on record with three albums, an album of "Modern Violin Transcriptions," Bach's "Concerto in D Minor," in which Heifetz himself plays both violin parts, and an album of "Heifetz Encores."

—MU SICAL

Characters In The Canteen

I guess I've been here quite a while; you know me. I'm the image on the wall about which people inquire. "Say, who painted that?" I'm one of the drawings on the canteen wall. One in my position can observe very easily the different people who come down to the A.A. store, what they ask and what they do, especially what they buy.

Some of the requests made to the person in charge are really hilarious. I remember someone asking, "Do you have a jar of Duvro Shave lotion?" Who ever heard of Duvro? I bet the guy must think that whatever is sold in some little town in New Jersey is sold at Farm School. I'm sorry to say that the prospective purchaser had to do without.

You can imagine how the proprietors feel (also me) when it's after nine and the canteen is closed and they're inside recording the proceeds, when there's a terrible banging at the door. "Is the canteen open? Is the canteen open?" So the door is finally opened, and in steps someone, buys a five cent piece of candy and walks out again. Some guys just can't wait.

Then there's the student who spends two cents, sits down at a table with a magazine, until he has to be thrown out at closing time. That isn't so bad, but he has the audacity to leave the candy wrapper on the table!

Some of the requests are quite strange. One time a fellow ordered three bottles of soda. As the caps were about to be pulled off, the buyer said, "Leave the caps one-third on, will you?" "One-third?" "Yes, one-third." And he walked out with the bottles with the caps on one-third. The student behind the counter hardly had time to scratch his head when someone else asked, "How much are those three cent folders?"

One night a few students were doing some Chemistry problems in the canteen, and as usual arguing how it should be done. (Imagine, they open a chemistry text even during their leisure time.) Mr. Elson happened to be there and walked over to their table. He showed them how to solve the problems. After getting the answers, one of the students left the store, went up to the third floor and gave everyone else the answers. The next day, all the students handed their homework in to Mr. Elson, who no doubt expected correct answers from everyone on the third floor.

Sometimes, the A.A. store finds itself without ice cream. On such a night a typical question asked is, "You have ice cream, haven't you?" When the A.A. is stocked with ice cream, the question probed is, "You haven't any ice cream, have you?" It never fails; some people really are psychic.

Then there's the student who comes into the canteen, walks up to the counter, and remains silent for five minutes. After deciding to break the spell he asks, "What flavor soda do you have?" The answer may be, "Cherry, lime, grape and root beer."

"Do you have Coca-Cola?"

They have cherry, lime, grape and root beer, but he isn't satisfied. Apparently he doesn't trust the boys behind the counter.

I'll never forget the time when one of the students made a bet that

he could drink ten sodas within a half hour. The first five went down okay. The next three went down with burps. Then there was the ninth, and finally the tenth. But he wasn't satisfied yet. He was given an extra bottle gratis as a prize. He drank that too. After proving his worth, he hoisted up his anchor, and floated up to the third floor, as the rest of the students sat there dumbfounded. I understand he set the alarm for 2 A.M. Wonder why?

Yes, I suppose being on the wall here, I see quite a lot. I hope you fellows don't feel offended at what I have to say. We pictures on the wall like to see you come down to the store. We enjoy your company. (For this I shall be able to cancel a debt for one bottle of soda.)

And about the artist who painted the pictures on the wall. They were done by a student who left Farm School a short while ago, Al Goodman, who now owns a poultry farm in Norma, New Jersey.

—AL HASS

* * * * *

BRAIN AND BRAUN

It was once said that there could be no intellectual growth without physical activity, and no physical activity without mental development.

This statement, short and simple as it is, is backed by centuries of experience and knowledge. Probably the first to realize the important relationship between the mind and body were the ancient Greeks.

The most prominent philosophers of the Greek era were body builders and gymnasts. Aristotle and Plato and many others excelled in sports and taught bodybuilding to their pupils. To this very day, these men rank among the world's most brilliant men.

The ancient Greeks did not separate mind culture from body culture. Each was of great importance to the other, and neither could stand alone.

If you trace the history of mankind, you will find that man always reached his lowest ebb during those periods when physical culture was dead. During the dark ages when there was no progress in science, education, invention, or in philosophy, physical culture just didn't exist. Whenever the body is neglected, the body ceases to give its best.

Health and intelligence also go hand in hand. Intelligent people know the importance of keeping their bodies in good physical condition. There is more sickness and suffering among the feeble-minded and ignorant than there is among persons with above average intelligence.

Studies have shown that feeble-minded children die at an earlier age than normal ones. Also, studies have shown that children of superior intelligence are healthier, bigger, and hairier than those of average or sub-average intelligence. Since long life is associated with health and physical fitness, this is another proof that superior bodies go with superior minds.

Since body condition and mind are inter-related, no matter what form of exercise you participate in, whether it be football, basketball, tennis, tumbling, boxing, weight lifting or any of the others, you can rest assured that you are developing your mind as well as your body.

—CHARLES WOLLINS

HEADLINES AND BYLINES OF 1947

New York—Hunting season opens. Forty-four wolves shot in subway.

Committee on Un-American Activities investigates woman seen accepting red transfer on bus.

Major league umpires confer to see if Taft-Hartley Bill interferes with their right to call a strike.

Inventor perfects electric chair crossed with electric toaster. Prisoner pops out when done.

Molotov opens laundry to do nothing but Iron Curtains and ruffle diplomats.

South Bend, Indiana—Soviet spy named Wygrokloskovitzky discovered in Notre Dame backfield stealing signals.

West Point—Army football coach hires hula dancer to instruct team on backfield in motion.

FLASH!! Local movie boasts double feature — “Life With Father” on the screen, and “The Perils of Pauline” in the balcony.

FLASH!! New York—Coca-Cola truck crashes into a newsreel theatre. “March of Time” stops for the “pause that refreshes.”

Washington—President asks country to tighten belts. One thousand fat women march on capital.

Weather forecast for 1948—Sunny in California, rainy in Florida, and Dewey in New York.

FLASH!! Boston, Mass.—Fuel shortage hits Boston—ban on “Forever Amber” lifted.

Washington, D. C.—Scientist discovers a new bomb more powerful than the atomic bomb. Airlines mobbed for tickets to Mars.

FLASH!! Washington—Crooner elected as Senator—entire state in a Como.

—HAL NEDELL

* * * * *

FORESTS — To Be Or Not To Be

It would be a sorry world indeed if there were no forests. When the forests go, the waters go, fish and game go, crops go, fertility departs. Gradually the age-old phantoms reappear, one after another—flood, drought, fire, and famine.

The United States is slowly awakening to this realization, but we need more and better forests. We need them because we have drawn on a living resource without replenishing it; because for more than three centuries we have abused a heritage that was once one of the greatest forests in all the world; because we are now paying for that abuse by erosion and floods, by reservoirs, rivers, and harbors choked with silt, and by families and whole countries left desolate.

Compared with the United States many European countries have advanced ideas on forestry, noticeably Switzerland, Germany, and France. The people of European villages fully understand and appreciate the value of their forests. Many of the peasants cultivate a patch of land to raise food, and in the winter the men work in the woods, thus combining farm and forest work into a year-round occupation.

What better example do we need than the present wood shortage, to show why we do need more and better forests? It seems some people do not value anything until it is exceedingly difficult to obtain.

We have much to gain by having forests. They can be widely used as watersheds to insure greater supplies of pure water. Working hours are decreasing and families now have more leisure time than formerly. We therefore can not overlook the recreational value of having a forest located near the community.

Forests also add to the esthetic improvement of suburban surroundings, such as roadside beautification, which can change idle and ugly hillsides into attractive forests. These in turn improve hunting and fishing.

I can not think of a better memorial for the veterans of World War II than a living forest, with its everlasting qualities and numerous advantages.

The forest also has an educational value. It is an outdoor laboratory in which to study forestry, botany, geology, and allied sciences. Henry David Thoreau once wrote, "There are the trees, and they who can may read them."

After considering the many assets of the forests, it is my desire, and I hope it is yours, that we should have more and better forests.

—DON SELAK



The Glee Club in action, singing Christmas Carols
at the "Holiday Festival"

LOW GREENING HILLS

The low, greening hills run down to the sea
Where foam-crested billows are beckoning me.
The sound of the breakers, the swish on the shore
Are voicing the summons, they call evermore.
They call in the twilight ; when, sun, sinking low,
Leaves East in the Shadows and West all aglow ;
When high, surging seas and green hills coming nigh
Are wrought into one and blend in the sky.

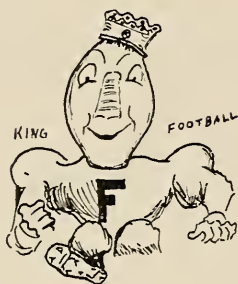
Then, God of the world and Father of souls
Greet me in the shadows as darkness enfolds,
Greet me in the gloaming when day is full spent
And all my desire on Thy love is intent,
When wail of the waters, lament of the land
Combine to appall me and reason withstand.
Oh God, hear my cry on these hills by the sea
When nought is above save Heaven's canopy.

Meet me, Father-God, in this glorious place
And grant me to look without harm on Thy face,
When twilight's soft ray has grown dim in the West,
Speak peace to my soul and vouchsafe me Thy rest.
Then, calls from the breakers, appeals from the shore,
Unheard, will pass on while my God I adore.
Oh come Lord and greet, come and meet Thou with me
Where low, greening hills run down to the sea.

—REV. GEORGE M. WHITENACK, JR.
Instructor in English



FOOT BALL REVIEW



On October 4th, 1947, Alumni Field echoed with cheers and roars, as the Farm School Bulldogs trampled Glassboro State Teachers College 32-0 to open the home football season, which was to end eight weeks later with an undefeated squad, tied only by Wilkes College from Wilkes-Barre.

The team romped through the schedule in fine style, finding trouble only with Wilkes College, although it won a close one from the New York Aggies at Farmingdale.

Looking back, the school, the coaches, the faculty, and the team can recall a successful season. Most of the credit is due those boys who stuck it out until the end of the season, whether they played or not. Those fellows on the scrubs did as much in contributing toward the undefeated season as did the team, only they didn't get to play on Saturdays.

When the opponent scheduled was strong, the scrubs couldn't play because the final outcome would be endangered. When a weak team was the adversary, the scrubs couldn't play because we wanted to pile up a big score. They fought a losing battle, the fight to earn a starting berth for the Saturday games, or any position at all.

Some of the credit is due the coaches who whipped the boys into shape and condition for the games, for teaching the new boys the plays, and for teaching and formulating the system.

The remainder of the credit is due those members of the student body who were out there cheering the team on to victory with their voices, or playing in the band. This spirit alone was one of the main factors responsible for a winning team. After all, what team has the heart to go on to victory when there is no one behind it to hearten and inspire it.

You know the rest; all of these elements combined, and we had a championship team.

Good work, boys!

—HERBERT ROSENOFF

Football In Retrospect

This article on Farm School Football History of the past, as requested by the Gleaner Staff, covers the approximate period from 1922 to 1934 inclusive.

Our President, James Work, resigned from football coaching at Farm School in the year 1922, after having coached ten years, and the following three years the fortunes of the football aggregation declined at a rapid pace. In two seasons, only one game was won on each schedule and the following schedule resulted in the complete loss of each contest. With this defeatist complex in vogue for three years, I took over the reins of the football coaching duties in the fall of 1925.

That season the aggregation won eight consecutive games and lost the last game to our traditional rivals, the Pennsylvania Institute for the Deaf. In the years that followed, inclusive to 1944, the Farm School gridiron achievements have become traditional amongst all scholastic and collegiate football competition. During that period some outstanding football players were developed, who were successful in intercollegiate gridiron competition. Among the many teams played and defeated were many small college aggregations, college freshman, and junior varsity teams, as well as preparatory and high school aggregations. Time does not permit this compilation of the Won and Lost record, but these facts are available to those interested.

The system used was mainly a balanced line offensive, shifting from the "T" to the single wingback, including shifting variations of the unbalanced line. A special unbalanced line huddle formation was also used, as well as a sequence of plays from punt formation. The main theme of the offense was based upon timing or change of pace, each sequence of plays being called and executed with a different tempo in order to throw the defensive opponents off their timing charge. Due to the fact that most of the men during this particular era did not come as experienced football players, the necessary finesse and ability for forward passing game was not prevalent.

Offensively, the attack was based mainly on hard running plays, featured by good rugged line work and hard blocking, coupled with intelligent and clever ball carrying on the part of the runner. As we were fortunate enough to gradually develop men with passing technique, the passing game was used accordingly, but only when the defensive opponents were completely concentrated on a tight defense to stop running plays.

The judgment of the quarterback in shifting from the passing to the running games in crucial moments was the key to success, and this was accomplished as the result of a weekly quarterback school.

Defensively, the aggregation played a zone defense. This was featured by the men charging fast and hard, combined with the vicious use of hands, in dealing punishment to the opponents. Hard, vicious tackling was always stressed and practiced as the key to strong defensive play. The defensive team had different variations, or "set-ups" all depending upon the following formula.

1. Position of teams on field.
2. Time left to play.
3. Prevailing score.

This set of revolving defensive variations was composed of 7-1-2-1 or 6-2-2-1, also at times 4-3-3-1, and occasionally a defensive goal line stand of 9-2.

Much more can be said concerning the technicalities of football and team organization, but the most important factor contributing to the football success of the past twenty years was the thorough and constant repetition in the practice of fundamentals. The men were drilled systematically each day in the details of proper offensive and defensive stance, line and backfield blocking, and live tackling. The ability to cope with these fundamentals is bound to insure success in the continued development of the team during the season.

The factor of keen competitive team spirit among the players on the team is also one of vital importance. This was usually influenced by the individual's love for the game, the enthusiasm for the team by the student body, otherwise known as college spirit, and the interest in the welfare of the team as expressed by the Administration, School Personnel and the Alumni. These factors fortunately always prevailed in addition to a rich tradition of high football standards.

There are many teams in this category of twenty years of football that achieved undefeated seasons. Some lost one or two games in a difficult schedule, but they all deserve due credit. With all respect to these aggregations of the past, the football squads representing this college during the past years deserve the greatest honor and acclaim.

The main purpose of the teams during the war years—1942, '43, '44, and '45, was to keep the tradition of Farm School football alive in spite of the problems naturally presented by the then existing world conflict. By successfully accomplishing this purpose, the squad went through considerable hardships, especially with teams consisting of fourteen and fifteen men. In spite of this, they achieved successful seasons, which is secondary to the fact that the spirit of Farm School football was indelibly perpetuated for the future.

—SAMUEL B. SAMUELS

* * * * *

THE IMMORTAL 44

He stood out on the field alone
Aware of what might happen,
It did not bother him at all
For he's our mighty captain.
Sewn on his broad and mighty back
The number forty-four,
The girls stood and cheered for him;
To him they were a bore.
He gazed across the field dazed,
Through his hair he ran his hand,
But in his mind was the mortal
Margie from Tappan.
The seconds they drew closer

And then the whistle blew ;
 As if Marge had kissed him
 Down the field he flew.
 The opponents were big and heavy ;
 Some were short and wide,
 But it didn't bother Bruno,
 For he took them in his stride.
 There was a great big pile up
 And Sally called for Bert,
 "Oh! My dearest darling
 I hope he isn't hurt."
 As Bert is carried off the field
 Coach cries out in pain,
 Dunham, you warm up,
 We're gonna lose the game.
 As Dunham runs up and down
 Not knowing what to do,
 Coach slaps him on the back
 And Dunham falls in two.
 As the game approaches the end
 And the plays are almost through,
 As the crowd yells for Dunham
 He lies there broken in two.
 Seconds don't mean anything
 To the immortal Forty-Four,
 He's just as casual now
 As he ever was before.
 Dunham is all patched up
 And Baker's back in the game,
 They seem to look all right,
 But Dunham is a little lame.
 The three are now together
 And they'll do plenty of harm,
 When the ball starts a'moving
 They'll move it like a charm.
 The ball is snapped back to Ablondi
 Who fades back quite a ways—
 Baker streaks down the sidelines,
 While Dunham stands in a daze.
 The crowd stood tense and waiting
 When Ablondi let one fly,
 As down the field raced Baker
 With men on every side.
 An heroic leap by Dunham
 Knocked down an interferer ;
 And Baker caught the ball
 With the goal line growing nearer.
 The pass was strong and accurate
 Which helped to boost the score—
 And that, my faithful followers,
 Is the end of the Immortal 44.

—ARTHUR BADER

Looking Ahead at N.F.S. and Junior College Football — An Alumni Viewpoint

From the viewpoint of the alumni, the consensus is that first and foremost, football at N. F. S. and J. C. is a vital link to the overall educational program of the college. We know that many other schools and colleges subsidize their players and build teams for the purpose of attracting publicity and increasing their income through attracting large attendance at games. These practices have been criticized by educators throughout the country.

Football at N. F. S. and J. C. is steeped in healthy living traditions. Our teams during the past 45 years have journeyed forth to battle for their Alma Mater, with a full sense of pride and glorious exhibition of valor, such as only the GREEN AND GOLD BULLDOGS have performed to the inspiration of all students, team-mates and spectators.

In other words, while we thrill to undefeated schedules, great names, etc., we hold uppermost in our minds that N. F. S. football must help a boy to become a better man, will teach him the rules of real sportsmanship, will inspire him to play as part of a team—thereby learning the true meaning of TEAMWORK. Above all, during football play, to teach him symbolically of life's pitfalls, its ups and downs, how to be at his best when things are at their worst.

Our coaches have followed this course, as is now and has been established TRADITION at N. F. S. We know we shall advance on the road of public opinion to bigger and greater football victories, and in this sense, N. F. S. will PRODUCE REAL ALL-AMERICANS for the future.

—SAM RUDLEY '08

Editor of the Alumni Gleanings

* * * * *

N.F.S. & J.C. SLAUGHTERS GLASSBORO 32-0

Farm School slaughtered Glassboro State Teachers College 32-0 to open the 1947 gridiron season.

Within the first 8 minutes of play, N. F. S. had scored twice, and led 14-0. Jack Newman intercepted Galupo's forward pass on the 24, and raced for the touchdown. Blair Murphy converted. Shortly thereafter; Walt Riggins passed to Dick Reeves for another score; Murphy again converting successfully.

Things quieted down for the second period, but picked up after half-time with a fight among the players. After the fisticuffs, the slaughter continued. On a sleeper, Mike Scheier tossed to Lou Seridge for 40 yards to the Glassboro 10. Mike passed to Riggins for the score from the 25, after a 15 yard penalty.

Toward the end of the quarter, Dick Clark intercepted a Glassboro pass, and carried 48 yards for another score. Murphy's placement was slightly wide, but the Aggies led 25-0. In the final frame, after Scheier had intercepted a Glassboro pass and brought it to the 20, Mick skirted his own left end for the last touchdown.

N. F. S. and J. C.	14	0	12	6	— 32
Glassboro State Teachers College	0	0	0	0	— 0

N. F. S. Scoring: Touchdowns—Reeves; Riggins; Clark; Scheier; Newman. Points after touchdown.—Murphy 3.

The starting lineups:

GLASSBORO		N.F.S. & J.C.	
WILSON	LE	REEVES	
HICKMAN	LT	FERTIG	
TRANCO	LG	MOLTER	
RAHME	C	CLARK	
ROSEN	RG	RASKIN	
DIGIANSBERG	RT	H. JAFFE	
KINKLER	RE	SCHOMP	
GALUPO	QB	RIGGINS	
EULO	LHB	MARTIN	
G. KINKLER	RHB	A. JAFFE	
RAMBO	FB	MURPHY	

FARMERS BATTER STROUDSBURG TEACHERS 25-7

As usual, our boys in white got off to a quick start, in their second game of the 1947 season.

In the first few minutes of play, Lou Serridge passed to Mike Scheier for 33 yards, to the Teachers' three, where on the next play, Mike carried over for the score. Murphy's attempted conversion was not good. Midway in the second quarter, a Serridge to Scheier pass from the five did the trick, and we were ahead 12-0 as the attempted conversion was blocked. The visitors held our Bulldogs scoreless in the third period.

At the start of the final period, Walt Riggins passed to Dick Reeves on a reverse for the score. Murphy kicked the point, and the score rose to 19-0. With about five minutes left to play in the game, the scrubs went in to play. A Farm School fumble on our own 28 opened the door for the only Stroudsburg score, on a long pass from Vince Tomasetto to Tommy Roan. Paul Udra kicked the point to end the visitors' scoring. With about 2½ minutes left to play, the regulars took over, and scored on a long aerial from Mike Scheier to Bob Thomas.

N. F. S. and J. C.	6	6	0	13 — 25
Stroudsburg J. V.	0	0	0	7 — 7

N. F. S. Scoring: Touchdowns—Scheier 2; Thomas; Reeves. Points after touchdown.—Murphy.

Stroudsburg Scoring: Touchdown—Roan. Point after touchdown.—Udra.

The starting lineups:

STROUDSBURG J. V.		N. F. S. AND J. C.	
YOUNG	LE	REEVES	
BECKER	LT	FERTIG	
MASONHEIMER	LG	MOLTER	
KELLY	C	CLARK	
CERRA	RG	RASKIN	
BOLTZ	RT	H. JAFFE	
DOUGLAS	RE	SCHOMP	
UDRA	QB	RIGGINS	
BRAUM	LHB	A. JAFFE	
TOMASETTO	RHB	MURPHY	
HOLLY	FB	SCHEIER	

AGGIES TROUNCE STEVENS TRADE SCHOOL 27-0

In the last game of the Farm School-Stevens series, the Bulldogs rolled over a light Stevens' eleven 27-0, Mike Scheier sparking the team to victory.

Toward the end of the first period, Dick Reeves passed to Mike Scheier from the 10 on an end around play for the score. Murphy's kick was not good. A few minutes later, after recovering a Stevens fumble on the Stevens' 2 yard line, N. F. S. scored again, using the same play which had worked to produce the first TD. The try for the point was not good, but the Farmers were ahead 12-0 as the quarter ended.

At the beginning of the second period, Farm School scored a safety, when Al Jaffe tackled Joe Carraba of Stevens behind the goal line. Mike Scheier took Stevens' free kick on his own 40, and ran it back all the way for another touchdown. Shortly thereafter, Al Jaffe ran back a kick for 55 yards for another six-pointer. Murphy converted, and N. F. S. led 27-0.

There was no scoring in the second half, when the team tried various power plays to test its ability, in preparation for the Farmingdale game.

N. F. S. and J. C.	12	15	0	0	— 27
Stevens	0	0	0	0	— 0

N. F. S. Scoring: Touchdowns—Scheier 3; A. Jaffe. Safety—A. Jaffe. Points after touchdown.—Murphy.

The starting lineups:

STEVENS		N. F. S. AND J. C.
PHILLIPS	LE.....	REEVES
GRISSINGER	LT.....	PARMI
LYNES	LG.....	MOLTER
ICKES	C.....	CLARK
POCOLYKO	RG.....	RASKIN
CURRAN	RT.....	H. JAFFE
ESLICK	RE.....	SCHOMP
DI FEBO	QB.....	RIGGINS
CARRABBA	LHB.....	NEWMAN
SWILER	RHB.....	MURPHY
WEBB	FB.....	SCHEIER

FARMERS EDGE N. Y. AGGIES 6-0

Farm School's only away game of the season, got under way at Farmingdale, home of the New York Aggies, on October 25. A tough tussle ensued, with Farm School the victor. The final score was 6-0.

Sloppy ball handling and poor blocking made this game a contest, as the Farm School team completely outplayed the New Yorkers. On the very first play from scrimmage, Walt Riggins, quarterback and captain of the Farm School eleven, was injured. He had dislocated his elbow, and also had it slightly fractured, which sidelined him for the rest of the season. Al Jaffe took over, and did a swell job quarterbacking. Mike Scheier was also hurt, this time at the beginning of the second period. His injury was slight, although someone else might have broken his neck in a similar spill. However, he did not play in the CCNY game, but returned to action against Wilkes College.

Both teams were wearing themselves out, battling each other, neither giving in. It looked as if the game were going to end in a tie. Late in the third period, the Farm School team started to click. Finally, on the last play of that quarter, Joe Fulcoly took a Farmingdale punt 75 yards for the only score of the game. From this point on, the Farm School goal was never in danger, and the outcome of the game was certain.

N. F. S. and J. C.	0	0	0	6 — 6
Farmingdale	0	0	0	0 — 0

N. F. S. Scoring: Touchdown—Fulcoly.

The starting lineup:

LE	Reeves
LT	Parmi
LG	Molter
C	Clark
RG	Raskin
RT	H. Jaffe
RE	Schomp
QB	Riggins
LHB	Scheier
RHB	Fulcoly
FB	Newman

BULLDOGS TRAMPLE CCNY JV 31-6

Getting back on the ball, following their mediocre showing the previous week at Farmingdale, the Farm School Bulldogs went on their merry way, this time bowling over the City College of New York Jr. Varsity. The game was hardly a contest, as the boys in white smothered the boys in lavender in every period.

In the first few minutes after the kickoff, the Aggies blocked a third down kick on the Beavers' 25 yard line. Four plays later, Jack Newman carried over for the score, from the eight. A few plays later, "Big Ed" Parmi recovered a City fumble on the Beavers' 49 yard line, and the Farmers were on the march again. Six plays later, Al Jaffe carried over from the 7 on an end run resulting from a fake line buck. Jake Dvoor kicked the extra point, and CCNY was in the hole 13-0. Midway in the second period, Farm School scored on a pass from Al Jaffe to Bob Thomas.

On the third play of the second half, Dick Reeves intercepted a City pass on the City 41. It wasn't long before the Bulldogs had scored again, covering the distance in seven plays, Newman carrying over from the 3. In the fourth quarter, Hal Nedell passed to Bob Thomas for the final Farm School score. It was late in the final stanza, that the visitors passing attack started to click. After recovering a Farm School fumble on the City 26, they passed to the Farm School 26 in short order, where on a long aerial from Mike Jacobowitz to Phil Gassman they scored.

N. F. S. and J. C.	13	6	6	6 — 31
C. C. N. Y. J. V.	0	0	0	6 — 6

N. F. S. Scoring: Touchdowns—Newman 2; Thomas 2; A. Jaffe. Point after touchdown.—Dvoor.

City Scoring: Touchdown—Gassman.

The starting lineups:

CITY		N. F. S. AND J. C.
JAFFE	LE	REEVES
LITWER	LT	PARMI
PINCUS	LG	MOLTER
BECKERMAN	C	CLARK
KIRSCH	RG	SCHEAFFER
NOWICK	RT	H. JAFFE
RZEPNICK	RE	SCHOMP
JACOBOWITZ	QB	A. JAFFE
WEINGARTEN	LHB	FULCOLY
KRISLOFF	RHB	MARTIN
CHAKLIA	FB	NEWMAN

FARM SCHOOL STALEMATES WILKES COLLEGE ON SOGGY FIELD 6-6

It had rained all night on the eve of the Farm School—Wilkes College football game, and the field was soggy, and the weather cold, making it impossible to dig in for a good toehold in the soft turf. The weather was perfect “fumble weather”—wet ball, and cold fingers. Wilkes was the toughest opponent we were to face this season.

Neither team could score during the first period. In the second frame, Wilkes pushed through the Farm School line and defense, until they had reached the 1 yard line. A line buck did the trick, and Wilkes was ahead 6-0, and for the first time this season, Farm School was in a hole. The half ended with the score 6-0, Wilkes. When the second half began, a rejuvenated Farm School team took the field against the Miners, but we couldn't get the breaks until the final period. Fine line play by Chuck Raskin was the main factor which prevented the invaders from scoring when they had the ball first and goal to go on the Farm School 3 yard line.

Using the sleeper pass in the final quarter, Jack Newman passed to Mike Scheier for the score, and Farm School was back in the game. Mick's run for the point was stopped short of the goal line, and the score was deadlocked 6-6. Neither team could start any prolonged drive that might have given it victory in the last few minutes.

N. F. S. and J. C.	0	0	0	6 — 6
Wilkes	0	6	0	0 — 6

N. F. S. Scoring: Touchdown—Scheier.

The starting lineup:

LE	Reeves
LT	Parmi
LG	Molter
C	Clark
RG	Scheaffer
RT	H. Jaffe
RE	Schomp
QB	A. Jaffe
LHB	Newman
RHB	Fulcoly
FB	Scheier

FARM SCHOOL ROUTS WILLIAMSON TO END SEASON

In the first quarter, after a Williamson punt, Mike Scheier ran for the first touchdown on an end run covering 23 yards. Dick Reeves' attempted conversion was blocked. When the visitors punted down-field a few plays later, Joe Fulcoly took it on his own 45. As he was being tackled on the 20, he lateralled to Mike Scheier, who carried over for the TD. The kick was blocked again.

It was not long thereafter that Artie Bader tossed a 25-yard aerial to Al Jaffe for the third six-pointer. The attempted conversion was not good. Three plays later, the quarter ended, Farm School having possession of the ball on the Williamson 48. Seven plays later, Lou Serridge chucked to Mike Scheier for the fourth Farm School score, this being Mick's third. Mike Scheier ran for the point. Toward the end of the half, Scheier ran a Williamson punt back 28 yards to their 12, where two plays later Serridge passed to him for the touchdown. Joe Fulcoly ran for the extra point, making the score 32-0 as the half ended.

The third period started slowly, as there was no scoring until about five minutes of that period had elapsed. Mike Scheier ran his right end for the score from the 35 yard line. Jack Newman carried over for the point. There was no additional scoring in this quarter. To start the final period, Williamson punted, Jaffe carrying to their 44. Mike took over from there on an end run-right for his sixth and final touchdown. Al Jaffe passed to Joe Fulcoly for the point.

Midway in the quarter, Mike passed to Lou Serridge for the eighth Farm School touchdown. Mick's kick was not good. A few minutes later, Bob Thomas recovered a Williamson fumble resulting from a bad pass from center on their 12 yard line. Jake Dvoor tossed to Norm Rosen for that touchdown. Jake's attempted conversion was not good. The final six-pointer occurred after Norm Rosen had intercepted a pass on the Williamson 30, running it to the 10. Hal Nedell went over for the final six-pointer of the game.

N. F. S. and J. C.	18	14	7	25	—	64
Williamson Trade	0	0	0	0	—	0

N. F. S. Scoring: Touchdowns—Scheier 6; Rosen; Serridge; Nedell; Jaffe. Points after touchdown.—Fulcoly 2; Scheier; Newman.

The starting lineups:

WILLIAMSON		N. F. S. AND J. C.	
COLLOM	LE.....	REEVES	
MOSER	LT.....	PARMI	
KISSINGER	LG	SCHEAFFER	
HARGRAVES	C.....	CLARK	
BROWN	RG.....	RASKIN	
MEYERS	RT.....	H. JAFFE	
WESLEY	RE.....	SCHOMP	
GRAVES	QB.....	A. JAFFE	
DELICH	LHB.....	FULCOLY	
JENKS	RHB.....	SCHEIER	
ZEIGLER	FB.....	NEWMAN	

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